

i'm gonna get you home, okay? by papenathy

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Comfort, Hugs, M/M, Softness, basically i'm imagining what would've happened in between those two scenes, because i couldn't stop thinking about it, mike is a protective softie, who needs protection, will is a small softie

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Karen Wheeler, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

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Summary:

“Hey, you’re gonna be okay, I promise.” Mike said to Will, arm still around his shoulders. The gesture was comforting, for the both of them. It was like Will couldn’t get any words out after what had just happened, so Mike wasn’t going to force him to explain until he was ready. “You’re here, with me. I’ve got you. You’re safe.”

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Essentially this is what I like to imagine what would've happened between the scene where Mike finds Will on halloween night, and the crazy together scene.

i'm gonna get you home, okay?

Author's Note:

uh hi i couldn't stop thinking about this idea so i went and wrote it and made myself cry so, if you cry and wanna yell at me for it hmu on twitter @/80sbyler, THANKS.

this is dedicated to all my fav byler shippers, you guys know who you are. i love you all.

so yeah, enjoy :)

"Keep trick or treating, I'm bored anyways."

Mike had heard Will calling his name from a distance, when he had caught up to Lucas, Dustin and Max. Mike knew that he shouldn't have left Will alone, but he was in one of those moods, he'd just had a rant about Max attempting to join the party, commenting that she was 'ruining the best night of the year'. Naturally, he was going to storm off; but he regretted it as soon as he heard Will yell his name for the first time.

Mike assumed that Will would just catch up to him, but he didn't. He was stood behind the other three waiting for another door to be opened, and for his bag to be filled with more candy when he felt like something was wrong. He swore he heard a voice call for his name, but he wasn't exactly sure because there were a lot of kids being loud in the streets on Halloween night.

Then it got louder, and Mike was almost sure that it was Will calling for him; twice, three times. He turned away from the others and walked further down the path, and suddenly he felt nervous. He couldn't find him. If something had happened to Will, it would be his fault. He shouldn't have left him alone. He should never leave him alone. What if he was hurt? What if he was in trouble? Mike couldn't face losing him again. He just couldn't.

His heart dropped when he saw Will running past the side of the house, like something was chasing him; but it was something that Mike couldn't see. He could see other trick or treaters giving him weird looks as he ran, and for a second Mike didn't really know what to do.

After Mike saw Will run down the steps that were around the side of the house, he started to run after him. He even called his name a few times to get him to slow down, but he just kept running. Mike heard the others running behind him, asking what the hell he was doing. Mike ignored them and kept running after Will. He needed to get to him.

When Mike did catch up to him, he was sat on the ground with his knees pulled up to his chest; eyes squeezed tight shut and shallow breathing. Mike quickly grabbed onto his arm after crouching down next to him, and he seemed to snap out of whatever state he was in. Mike guessed that it could only be another episode.

After promising that he would get him *home*, Mike pulled Will up off the floor whilst he was still whimpering and he had tears in his eyes. Mike didn't even let Dustin go near Will, he felt this sudden protectiveness consume him, so he put his arm around Will and they both started walking back to Mike's house.

"Hey, you're gonna be okay, I promise." Mike said to Will, arm still around his shoulders. The gesture was comforting, for the both of them. It was like Will couldn't get any words out after what had just happened, so Mike wasn't going to force him to explain until he was ready. "You're here, with me. I've got you. You're safe."

They didn't talk for a few moments, Mike understanding that Will wasn't exactly okay to talk at the time. He was still whimpering slightly, but Mike could tell that he was trying to hold it in. As they walked through the streets, slow enough so that Will would calm down, but not too slow, everyone seemed to be looking at them. Perhaps because of the state that Will was in, or the fact that Mike had his arm around him; either way, Mike just returned their looks, making them look away.

Will had his arm around Mike's side too, sort of awkwardly behind

the homemade proton pack, but it still managed to make him feel safe. Mike always managed to make him feel safe, even if it was just his presence. He seemed to always be there when Will needed him, especially recently when everything was starting to get worse. Will needed him, but what he didn't know was Mike really needed him too, he always had done.

"I- I'm sorry, Mike." Will managed to say eventually, when they had walked onto another street that lead onto Mike's. There was pretty much nobody on this particular street, and the two of them guessed that they must've walked slower than they realised and all the trick or treaters would have headed home. It was peaceful, in a way.

Mike felt an ache in his chest when Will said that. "What are you sorry for?"

"Ruining the best night of the year even more." Will sighed, referring to what Mike had said about Max earlier on in the evening.

Mike started to feel guilty, and thought that Will shouldn't be worrying about his feelings when he was the one who just had another traumatic episode. Not that Mike was angry about it at all, of course he wouldn't be. If Will was in trouble any day, be it his birthday, Christmas, his graduation day... he would stop everything to make sure that he was safe. Halloween was no big deal anymore; he'd always put Will first no matter what.

So, Mike suddenly stopped in his tracks; causing Will to stop too because of his close hold on him. "That's bullshit, Will." He removed his arm from around his shoulders and stood in front of him. "You never ruin anything for me."

Will looked up at him, and Mike could clearly see that his eyes had reddened from the tears. It made him want to cry himself. "You said this was supposed to be the best night of the year, and now I've ruined it for you. I'm sorry."

"Will don't say that-"

"Well it's true, isn't it? I just wish I could stop having these episodes; I'm just being a burden on everyone. I don't want to be a burden,

Mike. Everyone should just stop caring so much, I'm not important." Will looked like he was on the verge of tears again, shrugging and shaking his head on some of the words he was saying.

Mike felt his heart drop. It made him so upset to think that Will thought that he wasn't important and not worth worrying about. He raised his arms and held on to Will's shoulders, which startled the smaller boy. He then tried to avoid Mike's eyes; it would only make him more upset.

"Will, look at me." Mike told him, lightly shaking his shoulders. After a few seconds, Will reluctantly looked up at him; to find that Mike's expression was perhaps just as sad as his own. "You being okay matters more than a bag of shitty candy. You are not a burden, Will. You never are."

"But--"

"Will please just- listen to me? I don't know what I'd do if lost you again, so I don't want anything bad to happen to you." Mike squeezed the sides of Will's arms in a comforting way, and Will tried not to melt into a nearby drain when Mike looked at him so intensely. "Don't *ever* say you're not important, okay?"

Will looked at him for a few moments before deciding how to answer. His hair was falling slightly in his face but he didn't seem to care, his freckled cheeks were slightly pink from the cold weather and Will could've sworn he had tears in his eyes. He felt like he couldn't breathe.

"I'll try." Will nodded, and Mike's hurt expression turned into a sad smile. He then pulled Will towards him and embraced him in a hug, and even though they were both freezing; they felt like they had never felt so warm. Mike held Will so tightly, because he felt that if he didn't, then Will would just disappear.

Will had never felt as safe as he did when he was in Mike's arms, it was so comforting and reassuring for him and he really needed it at that moment. Will had his face against Mike's chest, and he could hear his heart beating a little faster than normal. He wondered why that was for a few moments, but then shrugged the thought off. It

didn't mean anything; he was just hearing things. On the other hand, Will's heart was pounding in his chest. Sometimes he hated that Mike made him feel that way.

After a good minute, because they needed that long hug, they both reluctantly let go and smiled softly at each other without saying anything else. They weren't far away from Mike's house now, so they continued walking slowly. Mike didn't have his arm around Will anymore, and Will had to admit he was the slightest bit disappointed. He told himself he'd get over it.

Mike guessed that Will still wasn't up for talking yet, so he decided that once he helped him get comfortable and warm; Will would probably decide to speak. As they walked, their arms kept brushing against each other and they had the urge to grab the other's hand and hold it.

They never did, though. But, after a few times of their hands accidentally (or maybe not quite accidentally) brushing against each other, their pinky fingers linked together and Mike squeezed Will's finger reassuringly. Will felt a blush start to creep up on his cheeks and a smile that he couldn't push away; but he would try his best, as he always did.

They walked the rest of the way back to Mike's house like that, their linked arms swinging slightly with the steps they were taking. Will would have felt extremely anxious walking in the dark if it weren't for Mike being there. It was like he always provided some sort of light for him wherever he was. So he was okay.

They finally arrived back, and Mike told his mother that he and Will were going to wait in the basement until Jonathan arrived to pick him up. Mrs Wheeler didn't seem to question Will at all, probably because he had managed to chill out a bit after how comforting and caring Mike was being.

"Um, do you wanna just chill on the sofa for a bit and I'll go make you some hot chocolate?" Mike asked, after they had both taken off the irritating proton packs.

"Mike you don't-

“I do. I know hot chocolate always cheers you up, and I know how you like it.” Mike cut Will off before he could protest any further, and Will decided that arguing with Mike would be pointless. *And hot chocolate does sound great right now*, he thought.

“Okay.” Will sighed, and then gave Mike a small smile to which he returned.

Mike disappeared back up the stairs and Will was left alone in the basement. He looked at the wall behind the sofa and saw that one of his own drawings was taped onto the wall, under the detailed drawing it read *Mike the Paladin and Will the Cleric*. It was a drawing of their own fictional characters stood next to each other, and Will smiled remembering when he gave the drawing to Mike.

He’d done countless drawings of the four of them together, but he felt like this one of just him and Mike was more meaningful and special to him. Will imagined that Mrs Wheeler wouldn’t have been very happy about Mike putting tape on the walls, and then Mike probably said he didn’t care and he wanted it up anyway. That made Will feel happy for some, odd reason.

He must’ve been looking at the drawing for longer than he thought, because suddenly Mike was carefully walking down the stairs with a single mug in his hand. Will was confused as to why Mike was slightly frowning at him, but then he realised that it was probably because he was still stood up.

Mike walked around the side of the coffee table and placed the mug down on it near Will. He then grabbed his trick or treat bag and emptied the entire contents over the table, and Will tried not to laugh. He did the same after he gave Mike a weird look and all he did was shrug. The two of them sat down on the sofa, and Will just got the sudden urge to reach over and cuddle Mike. He pushed the thought away.

“Sorry about the mug, by the way. It was the first one I saw.” Mike said, gesturing to the colourful happy birthday mug that held the contents of Will’s hot chocolate.

Will chuckled softly. “It’s great.”

The two of them just spent a few moments eating loads of candy, wondering why they had so many goddamn three musketeers. They didn't mind, though. They still ate them. Will felt less bad about 'ruining' Mike's Halloween at this point, because Mike seemed genuinely happy whilst rummaging through the candy. Will was relieved, in a way.

"Thank you, Mike." Will said, turning to look at him after they'd had enough of the candy. Mike returned the look, but it seemed slightly more confused.

"You don't have to thank me." Mike replied. *Of course*, Will thought, *always being modest*. "I only did what anyone else should've done"

"Just let me thank you Mike, you know I'd probably be dead without you, right?" Will said honestly, and he knows it's true. Even Mike knows it's true, but he doesn't want to admit it.

"Don't say that--"

"You can't deny that it's true."

Mike sighed, and then realised that Will was right for a number of reasons. But what he also thought was, he'd probably see no point in living if it weren't for Will. He really didn't know what he'd do without him.

"I just want you to be okay. That's all I want." Mike said genuinely, and Will could've sworn he saw him tearing up. He didn't want him to start crying, because then he'd start crying himself.

Mike put his arm around Will's shoulders again, and Will let himself lean into Mike's side whilst he rubbed his arm reassuringly. It sort of turned into a side hug, but neither of them were complaining. It's what Will really needed at that moment, and he was extremely grateful that he had Mike in his life. Things couldn't stay this peaceful forever, though.

"I can't make any promises."